WEEKLY MAGAZINE AND LADIES' MISCELLANY.

No. 9.] BOSTON, SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 6, 1817. [Vol. II.

"BORN TO NO MASTER, OF NO SECT ARE WE."

NOVEL DEPARTMENT.

ADMONITION.

Hear the story of Charlotte.—She was the sole object of her mother's pride, and the darling of her father's joy; for she alone survived of many children. As time advanced, she grew in beauty, each hour disclosed new attractions, till the woman was confessed in the maturity of every charm. In height her stature exceeded the Grecian Venus, and in grace the flowing outline of her beauty, her step was bounding, her attitudes had the beauty of motion, and her face dimpled as she moved through every feature. Golden tresses played on a neck of alabaster, which swelled palpitating; the lily and carnation rivalled each other in her complexion; her teeth were white as ivory, her breath was balmy; roses were scattered upon her lips, liquid lustre dazzled in her eyes, and her voice echoed through the heart with well-toned modulation.—Such was Charlotte when George appeared; youthful, animated in his gestures, robust in his person and brilliant in his discourse; he was the first man that she had seen with woman's eyes, and for him she had conceived a strong affection. The parents of Charlotte, preceived that she had fascinated the youth, George was well received, and denied no opportunity to ingratiate his pretensions; for the mother, fatally secure in her daughter's virtue, ruminated only on her future preeminence, while George insidiously meditated her destruction. He had prevailed on her, by affecting sensibility, to esteem him romantic in his attachments, and he wished to have her possess the sentiments which he feigned; for this purpose he aided his conversation with fantastic novels, and he sometimes read to her passages from the most imposing of them; for he knew that when the mind is thrown off its reasonable bias, it is most subject to imposture; sometimes a copy of verses attended the volume he sent. How innocent did he appear in her eyes! she read them till she got them by heart, and still continued to read them. His voice was flexible; instead of transcribing, he often sang to her her own praises, and his passion. He was all attention to her, he waited on her eye, anticipated her thoughts, fulfilled her unaccomplished wishes. He now possessed all he thoughts; when he appeared, all her being rushed to her eyes, when he spoke she was all ear, and while she listened she was undone. When by herself a pleasing hurry inflamed her spirits, and again sadness dwelt upon her heart; she questioned herself what meant these emotions; her blushes told her it was love.—George was to her the universe. His passion, which he first hinted with hypocritical timidity, is now disclosed. His uncle, on whom he said he entirely depended, must be apprised of his attachment, but, with or without his consent, at whatever hazard, she should be his wife; for life was intolerable without her; he kissed her ardently, she turned not aside from his embraces, and he retired to sound his relation, promising a speedy return. During this Charlotte divined the worst; she cried; sorrow and anxiety made her languid. In the mean time George returns; his countenance pronounced that her fears were just; he said his uncle was inexorable, and that he had resolved, sooner than bring her to beggary by marrying him, to retire to some foreign land. This determination rung like thunder in her ears; recovering herself, she said he was all honour and all love; that his design was heroical, and she retired hastily in agonies of sorrow; she had not bid him adieu, she dispatched a line expressing a wish to see him once again, before their eternal farewell; he came, his eyes were all inflamed with fictitious sorrow, his speech was interrupted, distraction marked his countenance, he embraced her with convulsive sorrow, her susceptible heart was overpowered, he pressed her fainting to his breast!

'She felt the wound, and nature from her seat
Sighing through all her works gave signs of woe.'

The transport past, perdition stared her in the face; aghast and confounded, sobs and tears followed, again she raved: agonies resumed their fury; he wailed piteously, cursed his stars, nature and love. He prodigally vows eternal attachment, and proposes instantly to lead her to the altar! Her passions had exhausted themselves, and the assurance of marriage tranquillizes her perturbed soul; yet still she is indignant. A crime committed is a prelude to its repetition, and her innocence was soon forgotten in the arms of her beloved. Now all was delight, ecstacy, delirium, raptures; raptures of short duration; she considers her marriage certain, and plans schemes of nuptial happiness. Weeks pass away, and she finds no preparation for the ceremony, which should make her a wife; she reminds him of his promise; he escapes her solicitations by a falsehood; still she believes that George is most true; some neglects she feels, but her love excuses them, they were accidental. In a short time she cannot doubt the abatement of his passion, and her earnestness adds disgust to his satiety; her remonstrances become importunate, and in a distant country he expects to escape her importunities and the persecution of his own conscience. Nature pursues her course, whether love be lawful or enjoyed by stealth; and she teems with the memory of her infatuation. Should she betray her situation to her parents it will bereave them of their senses, and she dares not meet the eyes of a reproaching world; she writes incessantly to George; her letters are disconsolate, but kind; she weeps, loves and hopes. Unhappy woman! George is separated by nations, from your sufferings; still she dotes upon him in destruction, and all her wishes are centered in her undoer. Creditors and hunger come, and they must be satisfied. Her parents are poor; yet did they know her wants, they would have assisted their daughter: but she dares not solicit their regard; she applies to her former intimates; taunts, and scraps of goading morality are their answers. The creditors are peremptory; what must she do? Dreading her parents, rejected by her acquaintances, alone, forlorn, desperation drives her almost mad. Lament it ye fair, whose hearts palpitate with tenderness; She is again polluted, a pestilence rages in her blood, poison shoots through her veins, her very breath is infection, she is abhorred, and execrated, and deserted by all. Her mind now subsides; what reflections! what agony! friendless and in despair, she dies. George was her only love; God's mercy her oly hope. As she expired, she exclaimed, George, George, implore Almighty God that he forgive me. C. C.

MONITORIAL.

WINTER.

It is, in the first place, a season of solemnity, and the aspect of every thing around us is fitted to call the mind to deep and serious thought. The gay variety of nature is no more;—the sounds of joy have ceased, and the flowers which opened to the ray of summer are all now returned to dust. The sun himself seems to withdraw his light or to become enfeebled in his power, and while night usurps her dark and silent regin, the hosts of Heaven burst with new radiance upon our view, and pursue through unfathomable space their bright career. It is the season when we best learn the Greatness of Him that made us. The appearances of other seasons confine our regards chiefly to the world we inhabit. It is in the darkness of winter that we raise our eyes to 'those Heavens which declare his power,' and to that firmament which 'sheweth his handy work.' The mind expands while it loses itself amid the infinity of being; and from the gloom of this lower world, imagination anticipates the splendours of 'those new Heavens and that new earth,' which are to be the final seats of the children of God.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE PEDLAR.....No. XI.

Numerous as the failings and follies of woman are, her vices are but few. She may be drawn into extravagance and profusion by an undue attachment to outward show and fashion, but this is rather an error of the head than of the heart. And should man ridicule or condemn her on this account, she may justly and amply retaliate by turning the finger of scorn upon the light-headed and fickle hearted coxcomb of his own sex. She may indeed, if a wife, manifest a strong propensity to haul on an essential article of her husband's dress, but she may well offer in excuse, that the love of rule is implanted by nature in every heart. She may occasionally trifle with the feelings of a lover, because she is conscious that men are selfish in their attention to the female sex, are always lying in wait to take advantage of their weaknesses, and will at any time desert a woman ever so flattered and adored, for any face which caprice and whim may lead them to consider as more attractive. She may be

rather careless of the reputation of others, because he knows that as the circle of her acquaintance must have something to talk about, some unfortunate character to mangle and deface, it is better that another's name should suffer than her own.

She may sometimes indulge in a freedom and levity of manner, which prudence should teach her to repress, and which often gives others reason to suspect that all is not right within; but it is not generous, neither is it just, to scrutinize too severely the conduct of a free-hearted and innocent girl, and to condemn the sallies of a lively and thoughtless disposition as being the indications of a frail and wicked heart. How men have ever been ready to err! By suffering their suspicions to be awakened by the indulgence of a free but innocent disposition, they have permitted their own hearts to be tortured with the strong and cruel pangs of jealousy, spurned from them a tender and faithful heart, and cast away a gem 'richer than all their tribe.'

That there are women who disgrace their sex, the most ardent admirers of female excellence have never ventured to deny. There are those who are without virtue, honor, or principle. These are rendered more conspicuous by the strong contrast presented by them to the amiable character generally maintained by the sex; whereas a man who bears an unworthy character is regarded as nothing uncommon; he is a villain among his fellow villains, a rogue among rogues, and bad as he is, his father before him was probably no better.

The mild and tender disposition of woman seldom permits her to perpetrate acts of great atrocity and extravagance; but when we occasionally perceive a female of a strong and erring temper, trampling on the delicacy of her sex, and making herself depraved and polluted with criminal excess, we are struck with astonishment and horror, and the remembrance is strong and lasting, even when superior atrocity in man is forgotten.

It is seldom that the woman who retains the mild tenderness and delicacy which eminently distinguishes her sex, disgraces herself by crime. She may be made the unfortunate victim of another's wickedness, and so at last become criminal herself through despair. Such a one may be found travelling the abhorred way of guilt and ruin. But her first step of shame was attended with faltering and tears. And it was not until she found that even repentance could never reconcile to her an unjust and cruel world, that in its estimation she could never again be virtuous, that she threw away the veil of modesty, assumed the bold strut and stare of impudence, polluted her lips with ribaldry, and apparently gloried in her shame and ruin.

Man can rarely conceive the agony which fills the bosom of a wronged and deserted woman, who knows her reputation irretrievably lost, and who sees her prospects of happiness blasted forever. What wonder is it, if religion does not visit her wounded heart with its healing influence, that when she sees every avenue to usefulness and respectability closed against her, she should wander into the only one left open for her—the path of infamy!

The seduction of innocence is a crime reserved for man alone to commit; woman, with all her alleged wickedness and deceit, hardly finds this within her reach. But mean and ungenerous as this crime may appear, there is one greater still,—the desertion of his victim.

Many self created censors of the conduct of the female sex, while they enlarge upon the solid and lasting beauties of the mind, delight to condemn with unsparing severity the sedulous attention which is paid by them to the preservation and enhancement of their exterior attractions. This censure, in my opinion, is both cruel and unjust. Woman must first make an impression upon the fancy ere she can gain the heart. Men of the most strong and discerning minds, and even those who are the most outrageously severe and unmerciful in their attacks upon female vanity, turn with disgust from a careless, sluttish female, let her mind be never so well crammed with learning, and are as highl gratified with the charms of a pretty face, by taste and propriety in dress, and in fine, by the numberless airy nothings uttered by a young and pretty woman, as the most shallow pated coxcomb in existence.

FOR THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE VISOR.....*No. I.*

Money and honor are the two great objects of man; but the former is generally pursued with much more ardor than the latter, because it is a much more convenient thing in the pocket. A man may be satisfied with honor, but with property never. No sooner has he arrived at the years of business, than he asks himself this question. How shall I become rich? money I must have, and money I will have, honestly if possible, but at any rate, I will get money.

How astonishing it is that there are so many ways and means devised by the cunning art of man to gain wealth! It would fill volumes to describe minutely how even a very few have gained their property. When a man is spoken of as being rich, the question is, how did he become so! why undoubtedly, either honestly or dishonestly, as it is an unquestionable fact, that among all the various occupations in the world, there is no one perhaps that has not its impostors who do not act up to the first principles of honor in their business. I propose to draw a picture of a few of these characters, hoping that no one will dare take the pill, unless he thinks it fitted to his complaint. Perhaps the writer will touch upon some other subjects before the numbers are closed.

Even among those that style themselves ministers of the Gospel, where we should least of all expect it, we find some that do not adhere to the sound principles of their profession. Such a minister preaches a doctrine that he does not believe himself, merely because he feels a degree of worldly pride, cloaked under the guilt of of sanctity, that he has converted so many to his faith.—He pretends that it is love of his people, his dear people, he feels for them, he sympathizes with them, he visits them, he prays for them, but his only objects at heart are money and fame. Nothing delights him more, than to have it said that he has a fine voice, that he makes a handsome appearance in the desk, that his gestures are easy, that he is eloquent, that he is a feeling man, that he has a great love for his flock, that he preaches a plausible doctrine, that he is a pretty man, that he is an agreeable man, and more than all, that he has a large number of followers. If he is settled in a society where he has a small salary, and is offered more, to go to another place, he leaves his 'little flock,' accepts the invitation under the pretext that he has a *louder call*, and that he can do more good in the 'works of the Lord.'

Early in life, Dean Swift, having preached an assize Sermon in Ireland, was afterwards invited to dine with the Judges. In the course of the sermon, he was very severe upon the counsel, for pleading for people against their own consciences. After dinner, a young barrister, not knowing whom he had to deal with, thought he would be even with the parson; and having said a great many sweet things against the clergy, which the Dean took no notice of, at length said, what if the Devil was to die, he did not doubt but that a parson might be found for *money* to preach his funeral sermon; 'yes sir, said Swift, 'I would willingly be the man myself, and give the Devil his due, as I have his children this day.'

The Lawyer, when he starts in business, hires a large stylish high priced office, puts out his name in large capitals, and if his office happens to be in the third or fourth story, he is sure to have his name with a hand and finger pointing, annexed, at the top and bottom of every flight of stairs, at every corner, and turning, so that no one can possibly miss the way to his room, makes himself sociable with every one he meets, and very affectionately inquires about their health and families, asks them to call at his office, is easy to become acquainted with, abhors the idea of pride and distance, grasps every hand he can get hold of, and gives it a hearty shake, is over polite to his company, and when they rise to go, is very anxious to have them stay longer, has his table covered with books and papers, a light is seen in his office late at night, to make it appear he is a hard student, is often seen in the street with a handful of papers, in great haste, with anxious countenance, inquiring of this one, and that one if they have seen Mr. B***, often fills a writ for 75 cents when the price agreed upon by the bar is one dollar, tells his client, that he will not charge them any per centage for collection, with strict injunction of secrecy, passes in and out of court very often, and frequently leaves word with his boy to call him while there—is a great politician, spouts in caucuses, and if by chance, he is permitted to speak in some capital cause he arms himself with a great stock of words, and flourishes, and rants before the Court and Jury, to such a degree, that the hearers are confounded with his eloquence.

CHARACTERISTICS.

I am fond of the conversation of intelligent persons, and am pleased when in their company; but my hopes have often been disappointed, by the peculiarities of some who were present; who instead of permitting the discourse to flow in its proper and unrestrained course, direct it to a particular channel, for their own gratification, or without dwelling upon any subject, digress with as much celerity and frequency as Mr. Shandy.

Among the foes to the freedom and pleasure of conversation are those who obtrude remarks on their own profession and occupation. Is Fulvius present—if it be only observed as a cause of regret, that some late violation of the public peace, has passed without due punishment, he instantly interrupts you with an air of joy and impatience, and asks if you were at court yesterday? 'Did you ever hear such a verdict as the jury found in the action of Detinue, Peters versus Peterson? I consulted Crok Jaq, and all the reporters, and every one is directly, unequivocally and decidedly in favor of the defendant. I advised his counsel to move for a new trial, or move it to the District by Supersedeas.' Or is Medicus in the same mixed company, probably you will hear much about sudorifics, stimulants, sedatives, galvanism, &c. &c. and he will talk in so technical a style, that you will understand him as little as you would an Hindoo.

Religiosus will continually introduce religious topics, as if it were criminal for a divine to enjoy innocent mirth, or as if he thought like the devotees of old, or the Monks of La Trappe, that the Almighty intended us for no other purposes but to think and talk of death.

Scepticus who has lately read several new treatises, will suffer you to listen to nothing but his comments on the futility of ancient systems. He will deny that the Sun is the source of heat, or the reality of objects. He will contend that men are capable of arriving at such a state of perfection as to render all legal restraints unnecessary, or that perhaps in a century hence, ships will sail under the ocean with as much facility as they at present sail on the surface. He cannot be at rest unless the discourse is controversial, and will remind you of these lines of Hudibras—

> *'Who to their own opinions stand fast*
> *Only to have them claw'd and canvast,*
> *And keep their consciences in cases,*
> *As fidlers do their crowds and bases,*
> *Ne'er to be us'd but when they're bent*
> *To play a fit for argument.*
> *Discuss, and set a paradox,*
> *Like a strait boot upon the stocks,*
> *And stretch it more unmercifully*
> *Than Helmont, Montaigne, White or Tully.'*

Pedanticus is a young man, who has read, or rather skimmed many books. He has a few ideas of his own, and has never suffered reflection to produce many. He cannot give a reason for an opinion which he advances. He more resembles a common place book, than any thing I know.—his design is to pass for a man of reading, genius and taste, and to attain that character, it has been his practice, to note every passage that strikes his fancy, and get it by rote, and by repeating it in every company often, whether it be applicable or not, he has gained the reputation of great erudition, and a prodigious memory. For his quotations there is no peace—There is no end to them, and whenever he appears, you must either rudely out-talk him, affront him, or remain in profound silence, for he resembles Aaron's rod, he swallows up every subject of discourse.

Once when two merchants were speaking slightly of the price of tobacco, he exclaimed with a sudden start, as if out of a profound reverie, 'this reminds me of a story I read some time ago,' and then proceeded in the narrative contained in the letters of Lord Lyttleton, of the strange being who joined some Englishmen at a hunting match.

Frothy is a gentleman rather diverting at first, but ultimately as troublesome as the others. He will not relate the most trivial incident, without the action and gesture of a public speaker. He formally and laboriously proves facts and positions, which no one denies. He will harrangue ten minutes to prove that commerce cannot exist, unsupported by agriculture, or that the Virginian partridge, commonly so denominated, has no resemblance to the English bird of the same name—with all the volubility of superfluity, and all the vehemence of enthusiasm; until he almost foams at the mouth, like Gil Blas chopping logic at Oviedo.

FROM THE NEW-YORK AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

BOSTON THEATRE.

This elegant Theatre has been essentially improved since the last season, by new interior arrangements and decorations; and the company of performers has received a very considerable accession of histrionick ability.—Mr. Dickson, one of the co-partners in the management, and a valuable actor, having retired from his public employment, Mr. Duff has become his successor in both capacities. The theatrical *corps* at present, consits of Messrs. Duff. Brown, Green, Bernard, Bray, Hughes, Drummond, Adamson, Pelby, Wheatly, &c. and Mesdames Powell, Duff, Wheatly, Barnes, Brown, Bray, Drummond, &c. Mr. Duff, abstracting a little for his inaccuracy, and more for his air of pretension, is a highly meritorious actor, but not in the parts in which he supposes his excellence to consist. He aims to strut in imperial tragedy robes, and it must be confessed they are not always unbecoming; but his great *forte* lies in a different path, in the *Rangers*, the *Belcours*, and the *Rovers* of the drama.

Mr. Brown arrived here from England during the last season, and is a very diligent and attentive performer.—He possesses much versatility of talent; never rising however to the height of tragic grandeur, but maintaining the level of gentlemanly propriety, chasteness and accuracy, in the various characters he assumes.

Mr. Green, an actor well known upon the southern boards, is remarkable for his general and multifarious powers, without being particularly excellent, excepting in a few personations. His playing evinces feeling, and capacity; but his voice, deficient in harmonious intonation and extent, refuses to enforce the conceptions of his imagination. He performs with equal respectability in tragedy, and the high wrought character of comedy; but in the extravagant humours of low farce, his drollery degenerates into grimace, and he becomes constrained in his action, and indefinite in his delineation.

Mr. Bernard, has long stood his ground as the best comedian on the American Stage, in certain respects.—His *Major O'Flaherty*, *Lovegold*, *Lord Ogleby*, and parts of that elevated and marked peculiarity, have probably never been excelled since the time of King, and in America have never been equalled. Nor should his talents in performing rustics be forgotten; there never was a better *Farmer Ashfield*, and although in *Robert Tyke* he may have found a rival in Mr. Hilson, yet let not

'Old Timotheus yield the prize,
'But both divide the crown.'

Mr. Bernard is not yet so much impaired in his intellectual or physical powers, but that he can generally distance most of the competitors who run the race of excellence against him.

Mr. Bray is an actor of much merit in particular branches of low comedy. In the bumpkin, simpleton, and characters in which the defects of general nature form the peculiarities, his powers are evinced, in a more striking manner, than in those, where the whims and eccentricities of the mere individual predominate.

Of Mr. Hughes it is not the least merit that he is rising, from mediocrity towards excellence, in the path which he follows. In the representation of stedfast old men, of the *Friendlys*, and sedate monitors of the stage, his abilities are to be discovered.

Mr. Drummond and Mr. Pelby are, according to the green room phraseology, the walking gentleman of the stage. The former has an air of sickening affectation, which any talent that he possesses cannot redeem from censure; and the latter, by bestowing great attention upon his study, and learning to acquire the ease of the man of fashion, will no longer commit solecisms, either in language or manner. In justice he ought to observe that he is daily improving, and the effect of his dilligence is evident.

Mr. Adamson, a new performer from the Charleston theatre, has performed *Ezekiel Homespun* with much impression as to feeling and conception, but he had no *dialect*. It is impossible to give a settled opinion with regard to him. The same observation may be applied to Mr. Wheatly, who made his appearance for the first time, we believe on any stage, in *Careless*, in the School for Scandal. It is surprising what the habit of performing, and a minute attention to stage business will effect in building up the reputation of a man who begins even a bad actor.

Mrs. Powell, an actress, who has for twenty years filled the most difficult characters of the drama upon the Boston stage, continues occasionally to perform. Respectable in regard to talent, she never offends the spectator by extravagant errors, and singularly attentive to her professional reputation, she is sure never to neglect her costume, nor to be deficient in memory.

Mrs. Duff has improved since she played in Boston some years ago, when she was an interesting woman, and is now an interesting performer. She possesses pathos, and having the command of a powerful and harmonious voice, she frequently produces great effect.

Mrs. Wheatly has talents of no common order. Lively in her deportment, and powerful in the personification of comic characters, sustaining them with a rich colouring, and never flagging attention to their spirit, she is a valuable acquisition to this theatre. In the fine lady, however, she fails in her manner, which is deficient in refinement; a requisite so essential, that without it the character is destroyed. We would extend this hint into a further intimation, that all the points of repartee, and the insinuations of the double entendre, are sharper in proportion as they are polished.

'As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set;
Their *want* of edge, from the *offence* is seen,
Both *pain us least* when exquisitely *keen*.'

Mrs. Barnes is a natural and very meritorious actress 'in privileged old maids and disappointed widows.' Few performers are more useful, and few more deserving of applause than this lady, for her spirited style of playing, and her vituperative energy of voice.

Mrs. Brown, without possessing striking excellence, is an actress of no inferior powers in nearly the same line of character in which Mrs. Barnes excels. Mrs. Brown's manner, however, is better adapted to high, than to low life.

Mrs. Bray is a lively little villager, who performs with effect, and Mrs. Drummond, if she would infuse more life into her manner, more manner into her action, and more sound into her voice, would render her pretty person and face highly acceptable to the public.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 6, 1817.

COMMUNICATION.

VIEWS OF ENGLAND.

Being friendly to that nation which so kindly suffered my forefathers to leave their home, and show their patience and piety in this wilderness, I was not a little incensed at reading in one of your late numbers that a translation of *Pillet's Views of England* was preparing for the press;—and I had almost determined to threaten the daring publisher, when my design was anticipated, and the anathema hurled from another quarter. Now this I was rejoiced at for I had read the book, and could not conscientiously have called it such hard names as a man may be excused for using who has never read it, and only heard it described by those who are the subjects of its severe castigation.—Now, Messrs. Editors, I will not pretend to amend what comes from so good authority as the remarks alluded to, but I may be allowed to *admire*. I admire, then, the prudence of the writer in saying only fifteen lines about a work he had never seen nor read. I admire his Quixotism in blindly attacking a windmill. I admire his art in referring his readers to another work for information which he ought to have possessed before he denounced the work in question. We admire his modesty in being so unwilling to come before the public in the character of an accuser. We admire his regard for the freedom of the press; but above all, we admire the work to which he refers us—a work notorious for its regard to truth, freedom from prejudice, and impartiality towards France and this country. (It must be confessed, in a parenthesis, that these reviewers sometimes accidentally distort the truth,) but I am glad the writer was unacquainted with this propensity of those worthy gentlemen, for had he known it, having nothing to say himself, he would have lost the paragraph, or tempered his asperity, or what is worse than all, he would have obliged me to do what few would do for the world, *prejudge for the public, and anathematize on the authority of the Quarterly Review.*

COMMUNICATION.

A VIEW OF THE PROGRESS OF THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

Increase of the transportation of mails since 1793, is 6,725,316 miles. Increase of Post Offices, 3,065. The Mail is transported in stages, sulkies, and on horseback, 20,737 miles per day. Divide all the Post roads in the United States into four equal or distinct post routes, on which the mail is carried in stages, sulkies, and on horseback, it will be equal to a travel of six times, each week, around the globe; averaging one Post Office for every fifteen miles of Post Road.

The mail is transported by a direct or corresponding line of stages from Anson (Me) via Washington City to Nashville, Tennessee, a distance of 1448, in a south western direction.—Also, by a direct line of stages from St. Marys, in Georgia, to Highgate in Vermont, via Washington City, a distance of 1369 miles, in a Northern direction.

CANAL.

The Committee, consisting of Colonel Apthorp, Major Swett, Messrs. Cotting and Tudor, returned from Sandwich, on Thursday Evening, where they had been to examine the ground, and report upon the expediency of cutting a Canal, from the head of Buzzard's to Boston Bay. We learn with much pleasure, that many of the objections which had been raised against this important project, were found by the Committee to be comparatively small, and that they will unanimously report in favor of it. The public cannot appreciate too highly, the advantages that will result to this Metropolis, in a commercial point of view, by the completion of this grand enterprise. Our communication with New-York, will be made shorter and the navigation safer, and the trade from Connecticut and Rhode Island, will in no small degree be drawn to this place.

MARRIAGES.

In this town, Mr. Parker Fowle, to Miss Lucy Maynard—Mr. John Bright, of Washington, (N. C.) to Miss Mary Stanley—Mr. Benj. Porter to Miss Mary Burrell—Mr. William Dunton, to Miss Harriet Whiting—Mr. Nathaniel Ring, to Miss Abigail Ayres.

DEATHS.

In this town, Mr. Edward Power, aged 80—Mrs. Elizabeth Foster, aged 68—Mrs. Mary Duffee, aged 48.

POETRY.

(ORIGINAL.)

FOR THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TO Mrs. B—— P——.

The proudest joy that wealth bestows,
Or hope at glory's shrine,
Or dearest throb that friendship knows,
May sweeten life, may sooth its woes,
But fail to quiet thine.

The pride of wealth, compassion's tear,
And glory's brightest plume,
Can never sooth a mother's fear,
Who sees her hope, her infant dear
Fast verging to the tomb.

Life's feeble joys, with transient glow,
Present their thousand charms;
Yet not the earth-born joys below,
But *Faith in Heav'n* can sooth her woe,
And hush her fond alarms.

Thus was the morning of thy love
With sorrow's clouds o'ercast,
Till the bright day-spring from above,
Bade ev'ry gloomy cloud remove
And made thee blest at last.

And now a mother's fond delight
Beams from thy watchful eye;
While infant beauty, smiling bright,
Fills thy grateful, ravish'd sight
And sooths each rising sigh.

Thus while this world, its pomp, its pride
Fade from the suff'rer's sight,
The hope that honors have denied,
The joy that wealth has never tried,
Rise in *Eternal Light.*

PHILO.

FOR THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE

Sacred to the Memory of the late Mr. Thomas Coffin; mate of the brig Horizon of Newburyport.

On the bosom of ocean he sunk to repose,
For Neptune a hero had prov'd him,
And the breeze that now homeward, so placidly blows,
Bears a proof that his sons ever lov'd him.

In the mantle of death—'twas the bed* of the brave,
All silent his corse they enshrouded,
And they wept (as he sunk in the dark rolling wave)
For that *virtue* which *vice* never clouded.

No more shall the tempest that darkens the deep,
E'er disturb the repose of his pillow;
No more shall the thunder awake from his sleep,
The tar on the breast of the billow.

For the bosom of ocean now pillows his head,
Where friendship with sorrow resign'd him;
But his *mem'ry* survives, tho' his spirit has fled,
For a *good name* he still leaves behind him.

* *The hammock.*

ALBERT.

FOR THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TO MORA,

On reading her answer to Ned Mygrim, in the last Magazine.

With joy let me hail thee, thou *fair one*, asserting
The rights of *thy sex* which the vile would destroy;
Fair virtue's just cause, we ne'er see thee deserting,
Tho' her enemies seek every path to annoy.

Why should not the fair pass thro' life unmolested?
If man cannot love, still he should not despise;
For he'll thus by the good and the wise be detested,
While he falls 'neath his shame never more to arise.

By nature was woman form'd weak and defenceless,
And man, *a companion*, their cause to defend,
Then he must be deem'd either *vicious* or *senseless*,
Who steps forth a *foe*, when considered a *friend*,

I had view'd with emotions of pain and resentment,
That foul blasting demon which lately appear'd,
Base slander destroying fair peace and contentment,
'Gainst creation's *best part* his huge form had uprear'd.

And could man *unmov'd* thus see woman degraded,
Her follies exposed and her virtues obscur'd,
All her brightness by calumny's dark mantle shaded,
And her fair reputation in darkness immur'd?

Yes, he saw this attack, but he left her unfriended,
While slander his standard triumphantly wav'd;
'Till woman stepp'd forth and her own cause defended,
And thus from contempt the *fair* character saved.

Then with pleasure I greet thee thou fair one, asserting
The cause of thy sex, which the base would destroy;
Fair virtue's just cause, we ne'er see the deserting,
Tho' her enemies seek ev'ry path to annoy.

RONALD.

FOR THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ADMONITION

To a Friend, who, under the troubles and miseries attending human life seemingly inclined to deviate from the path of virtue and 'steady habits.'

'Honour and shame from no condition rise;
'Act well your part; there all the honour lies.'

Oh, strive, my friend, to soar above
Life's unremitting woes,
Till thou hast gain'd those realms of love,
Where sin cannot oppose.

For vain are thy delusive dreams
Of happiness below;
She ne'er displays her heavenly beams,
In this vile 'waste of woe.'

Seek not frail honour's idle praise,
To celebrate thy name,
But let Religion's brighter rays
Illuminate thy fame.

For what avails the wreath that twines
Around thy temples here?
When the bright sun of life declines,
'Twill swiftly disappear.

Oh, heed not slander's venom'd tongue,
That would destroy thy name,
And lurks, the careless crowd among,
To blast a mortal's fame.

But calm thy fears with this alone;
When time shall cease to be,
A righteous Judge o'er every one,
Shall act decisively.

Heed not base flatt'ry's artful smile,
Nor lend a list'ning ear;
For treacherous poison lurks the while,
As soon it may appear.

For tho' awhile it smooth thy care,
And chase affliction's tear,
It cannot hide its baleful snare,
When modest truth is near.

Let not oppression's chast'ning rod
Impede religion's ray,
But dedicate thy soul to God,
What time thou hast to stay.

That when the icy hand of death
Shall call thy spirit home,
Thou'lt cheerfully resign thy breath;
Thy body, to the tomb.

AUGUSTUS.

(SELECTED.)

SIC VITA!

An Extract.

Like unto the falling star,
Or as the flights of eagles are;
Or like the fresh Spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like the wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood:
Even such is *man*, whose borrow'd light,
Is straight call'd in and paid to night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies;
The dew dries up, the star is shot;
The flight is past and man's forgot.

AMUSEMENT.

ORIGINAL CONUNDRUM.

Why are careless persons, like the three first vowels? *(a e i.)*

A lawyer, observing a little boy to be very sprightly and talkative, took him between his knees, and commenced a conversation with him, when the boy asked him what trial was to come on next; (as the court was then sitting) to which the lawyer replied, that the next was to be between the Devil and the Pope, and asked the boy's opinion as to who would gain it. He immediately replied, he thought it would be a hard trial, as the Pope had the most money, but the Devil the most lawyers.

INDIAN VERDICT.

John Tatson, an Indian, native of Lyme, in Connecticut, being found dead on a winter's morning not far from a tavern where he had been drinking freely of spiritous liquors the evening before, the Indians immediately assembled a jury of their tribe, who, after examining the body of the defunct, unanimously agreed "that the said Tatson's death was occasioned by the freezing of a large quantity of water in his body, that had been imprudently mixed with the rum he drank."

In one of Mrs. Edgeworth's last novels, (Harrington) the following anecdote is told—'It is recorded of Alonzo Cano, that having finished a statue of St. Antonio de Padua for a Spanish Counsellor, the tasteless lawyer and niggardly devotee hesitated to pay the artist his price; observing that Cano by his own account, had been only 25 days about it. The Counsellor sat down with stupid self-sufficience, to calculate, that at a hundred pistoles divided by twenty-five days the artist would be paid at a higher rate than he was himself, for the exercise of his talents. 'Wretch! talk to me of *your* talents,' exclaimed the enraged artist; 'I have been fifty years learning to make this statue in twenty-five days:' and as he spoke, Cano dashed the statue to pieces on the pavement of the academy. The affrighted counsellor fled from the house with the utmost precipitation, concluding that if the man was bold enough to destroy a saint, he would have very little remorse in destroying a lawyer.

AN EPIGRAM.

I owe, says Thomas, much to Peter's care;
Once only seen, he chose me for his heir:
True, Thomas; hence your fortunes take their rise;
His heir you were not, had he seen you twice.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

'*Thanksgiving Hymn*' by the *Poetical Moralist*, and a Poetical Communication from 'W.' came too late for this paper; they will be inserted next week.

The '*Voice of Woman*' and '*Love and Religion*' shall be attended to.

An *Extract of a Letter* is in type.

The publication of a communication respecting a paragraph in Monday's Daily Advertiser, is rendered unnecessary by the insertion of one on the same subject in this day's paper.

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